

LIFE

929

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M • P

A Swiss Admiral

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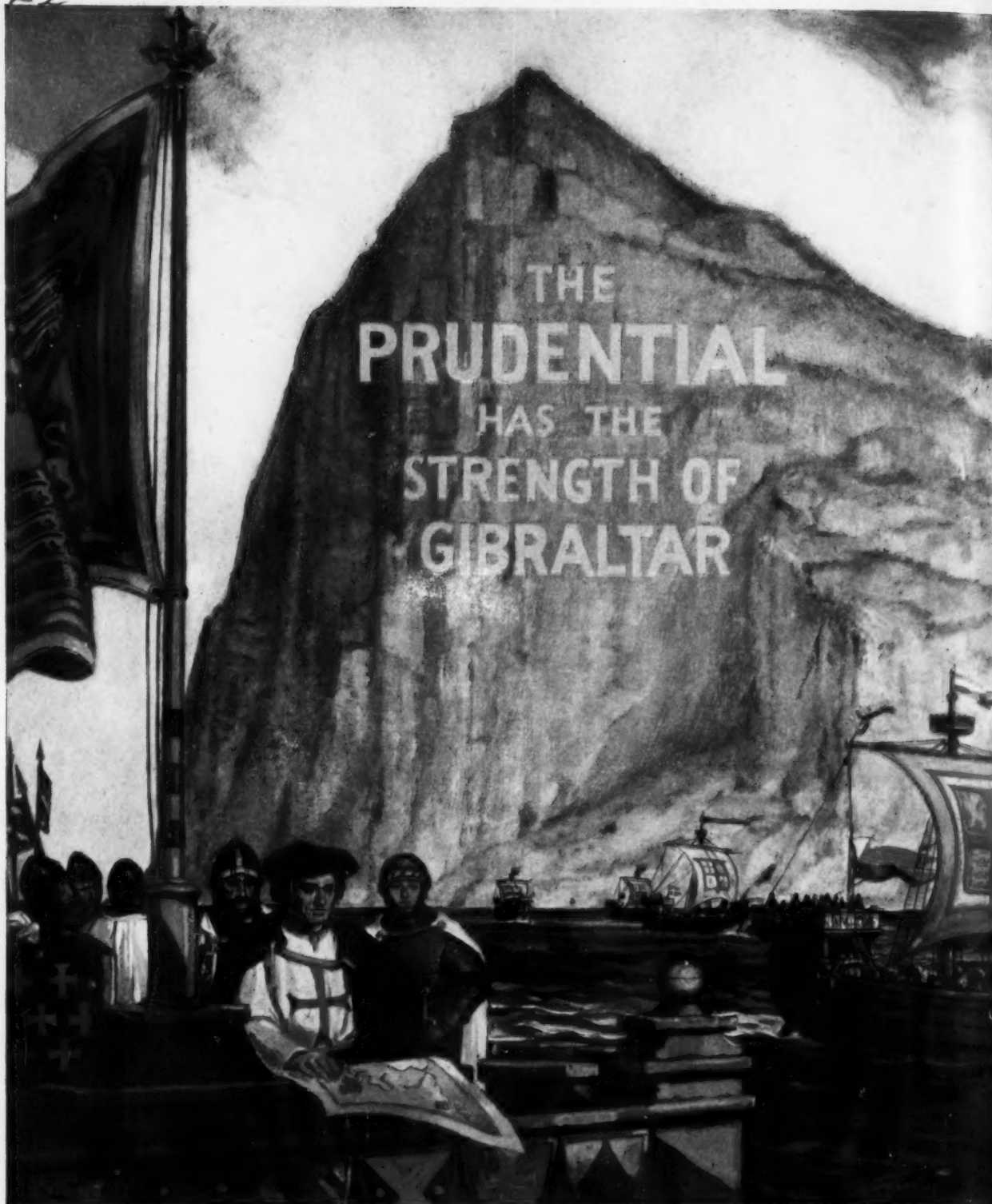
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FROM THE SOUTH" PULLS IN



HE CRUSADERS HAD SUCH FAITH IN AN IDEA THAT COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY POURED ITS WARRIORS INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN TO MAKE THAT DREAM COME TRUE. AN INSTITUTION OF MODERN TIMES, THE PRUDENTIAL, HAS GROWN GREAT ON THE IDEA OF ITS FOUNDER, INDUSTRIAL LIFE INSURANCE, A DREAM THAT HAS COME TRUE.

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Life



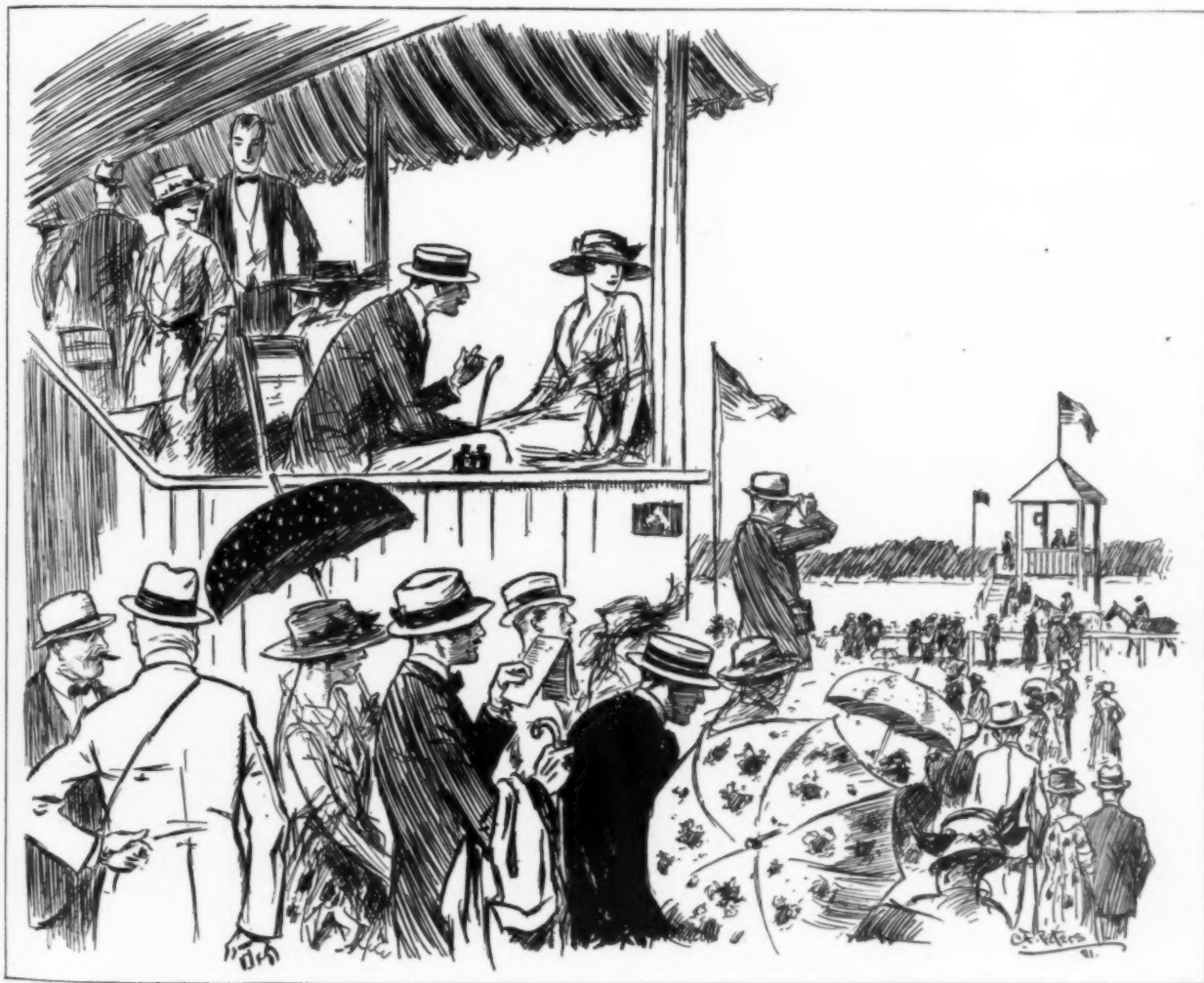
Love Song

By Dorothy Parker

SUPPOSE we two were cast away
On some deserted strand,
Where in the breeze the palm trees sway—
A sunlit wonderland;
Where never human footstep fell,
Where tropic love-birds woo,
Like Eve and Adam we could dwell,
In paradise, for two.
Would you, I wonder, tire of me
As sunny days went by,
And would you welcome joyously
A steamer? . . . So would I.

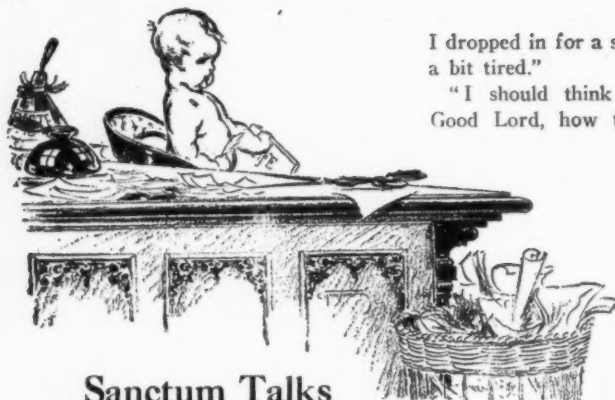
Suppose we sought bucolic ways
And led the simple life,
Away—as runs the happy phrase—
From cities' toil and strife.
There you and I could live alone,
And share our hopes and fears.
A small-town Darby and his Joan,
We'd face the quiet years.
I wonder, would you ever learn
My charms could pall on you,
And would you let your fancy turn
To others? . . . I would, too.

Between us two (suppose once more)
Had rolled the bounding deep;
You journeyed to a foreign shore,
And left me here to weep.
I wonder if you'd be the same,
Though we were far apart,
And if you'd always bear my name
Engraved upon your heart.
Or would you bask in other smiles,
And, charmed by novelty,
Forget the one so many miles
Away? . . . That goes for me.



He: I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO BET ON IN THE FIFTH.

She: LET'S GO DOWN AND ASK ONE OF THE BOOKMAKERS.



Sanctum Talks

"LIFE!"

"Bless me! Can this really be Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales and—"

"Never mind!"

"Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, High Steward of Windsor, Baron of Renfrew, Colonel Grenadier Guards—"

"Oh, stop spoofing me, will you, LIFE?"

I dropped in for a smoke and a chat. I'm a bit tired."

"I should think you would be, son. Good Lord, how they've abused you!"

"Frightful, isn't it? I've had to be with pompous old idiots all my life, and of course there's nothing I haven't been to, or seen."

"Except a quiet life. My boy, it's a wonder you aren't spoiled."

"I suppose I might have been if I had been born under ordinary conditions, you know. Still, one couldn't help being a rotter; that is, if one were born that way. But this being a part of a royal family, it's different."

"Yes, Edward, one gets used to it in time, of course; then your great grandmother was a regular queen, your grand-

father was a good sport, and your father is a steady-going person."

"Oh, the family's all right, LIFE; and it's a fine home life we have: it's only the outsiders that take up one's time. Still, there's no object in allowing one's self to be spoiled. One just has to stand for the speech making and the horrible functions: it's a part of the royal game."

"And your trouble, Edward, I should say, is that you're too handsome; your health is too good, your manners and mind have been too well cultivated: there's nothing in you to resist: no chance to build up a character. A quite hopeless case!"

"Man! Man! Will you quit it?"

"Pardon me, Prince, I thought—"

"You thought what all the rest think. You either want to gape at me or analyze me. I came in to say good day. Let me alone, LIFE. Go on with your bally editing and give me a chance for my own."

"And if anyone wants to—?"

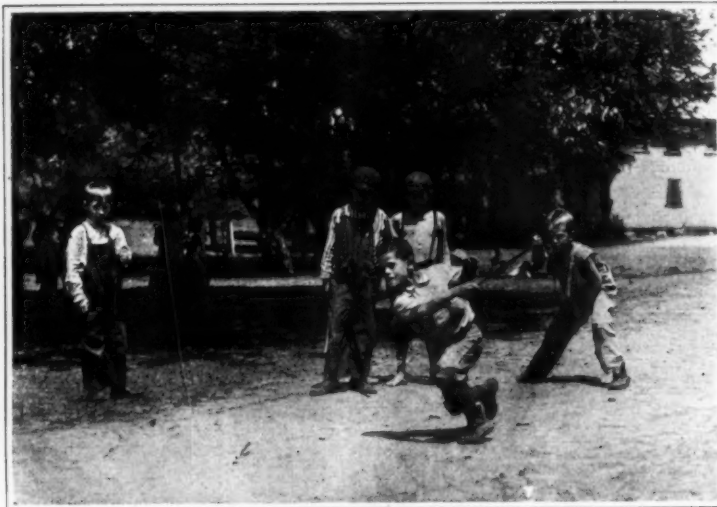
"Tell 'em I'm the new office boy."



She: WILL HE BITE?
He: NOT IF YE GIMME THAT ORANGE.



Who's Who?



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM
A BASE HIT?

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children. Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

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\$8,333.15



WHEN THEY TRIED TO COLLECT A SURTAX ON HIS INCOME, JOB'S PATIENCE GAVE OUT.

The Education of a Club Woman's Husband

EVER since he referred to the Brothers Adam as the Adams Brothers and was glared at by the Madame President of his wife's club, the Club Woman's Husband has been more careful. By listening closely he has learned to distinguish between crotch veneer and cabriole legs, though he is still a little uncertain as to whether Chippendale influenced Hepplewhite or Sheraton, or both.

At first he could not understand why it was necessary to sell the big, comfortable sitting-room couch on which he used to smoke and read and doze; but when his wife explained how lovely the hard, high, narrow and shallow affair that replaced it really was, and how cheap at just about twice what the old couch cost, he acknowledged the improvement at once. It had, he learned, splendid lines. He now takes an intense pride in his ability to identify and place the period of every chair in the house that he cannot sit in.

McCready Huston.

Gossip's Version

LISTEN in haste; repeat at leisure.

Real Succor

"SAVE me from my friends." But save me, oh, save me, from those associates I have not chosen, and who do not choose me—my friends' friends.

Something to Consider

"DON'T you think, sir, you should make some attempt to elevate the stage?" "No, but the seats in the rear might be raised a little."



"NO SENSE TIMIN' IT, PA; SHE GINALLY CACKLES ABOUT THREE MINNITS, THEN THE EGG'LL BE BILED."



LIFE Moves

IT is all over at last. LIFE is safely moved from his old building on Thirty-first Street to his new and palatial quarters at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Madison Avenue. Prosperity is rapidly returning. The profiteers are all taking a back seat. International relations will be rapidly adjusted. Even if George Harvey comes back from London we shall now manage somehow.

The distance from Thirty-first Street to Fifty-seventh Street is two miles, four thousand, fifty-three feet and eleven inches; by this much the intellectual centre of the United States has been shifted.

It was a terrible ordeal; lots were drawn by the advertising, editorial and business departments as to who would go over the top first. The choice fell to the hitherto hated and despised business office, which, about the middle of June, bade farewell to the little group of serious-minded joke-writers and artists left behind, and bravely pushed out into the shambles of Fifth Avenue, reaching the new building late in the month. We must say for the B. O. that,

confronted by the greatest crisis in LIFE's history, it did nobly. The advertising and editorial departments followed, in the limousine of the former, with Gee Bee Are at the helm. LIFE's slogan, "Beauty, Love and Laughter," the gift of Philip Gibbs, was taken down for the day, and kept on ice, but it now floats triumphantly over LIFE's new quarters.

Before the great event took place there were many signs and wonders. In the latter part of May, or the day the new quarters were secured, several large spots appeared on the sun; this was succeeded by a rare display of the aurora borealis; the theory of relativity was announced, Betelgeuse began to give trouble and Winnecke's comet was seen approaching the earth. The week before the final moving, Oliver Herford refused to take any nourishment, the stock market fell to its lowest point in three years, George Cohan announced that he would retire from the stage, and it was thought that Nicholas Murray Butler might not go to Europe after all.

During the last quarter of a century distinguished visitors from all parts of the world have found their way to LIFE's building in Thirty-first Street. LIFE's activities during the war were not relished by the pro-Germans, and one night in April, 1918, a large bomb was planted in front of LIFE office, being discovered there later by one of Manhattan's efficient police. The criminal, however, was never caught.

LIFE's moving is already the signal for returning prosperity and a better world.

Something had to be done.

T. L. M.





"THERE'S THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR."
"BUT WHERE IS THE ADVERTISEMENT?"

The Tale of a Skirt

(With a low bow to Tom Hood)

WITH fingers callous and stained,
With eyelids bleary and red,

A writer sat in a blue burnous,
On the edge of a double bed.

Scratch—scratch—scratch,

He scribbled his story of dirt,

In a manner that Mrs. Glyn can't match,

He wrote "The Tale of a Skirt."

Sex—sex—sex

In words most suggestively vile,

And sex—sex—sex

In the latest Freudian style;

Line and chapter and verse,

Verse and chapter and line,

Making each chapter worse

Than the swiniest kind of swine.

Sex—sex—sex,

Men with other men's wives;

Sex—sex—sex,

Leading super-erotic lives.

Drinking—cards—divorce,

Jewels and parties gay,

With no more brains than a horse,

No dress but a negligée.

With fingers callous and stained,

With eyelids bleary and red,

A writer sat in a blue burnous,

On the edge of a double bed.

Scratch—scratch—scratch,

He scribbled his story of dirt,

In a manner that Mrs. Glyn can't match,

He wrote "The Tale of a Skirt."

—Percy Waxman.

Now It Can Be Told

CHILDREN should be seen and not
heard.—*Jackie Coogan.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

—*Big Bill Haywood.*

There's no place like home.—*Babe Ruth.*

Two is company, three's a crowd.—*J. A. Stillman.*

Still waters run deep.—*A. J. Volstead.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—*Jack Dempsey.*

Off Broadway

THE DUCK: Hello, Henry, I hear
that you married a theatrical woman.

THE ROOSTER: Yes, I married a girl
who was with the poultry show.

NO cigar is so bad that sooner or later
it won't meet its match.

Life



Lines

FIFTY years ago, if a young woman saw a man coming, she would run in the house and roll down her sleeves. Nowadays, she runs in the house and rolls down her stockings.

Carpentier's French admirers, after due deliberation, have abandoned their plan to come over by special steamer for the big scrap.

There's a three-mile limit to all things.

The prospect of peace between this country and Mrs. Bergdoll seems to be negligible.

Evil is the root of all money.

Geishas, the professional entertainers of Japan, are taught the art of amusing conversation.

Goodness, Geishas!

Mayor Hylan of New York has come out in favor of winter vacations. On or about Jan. 1, 1922, the people of New York are going to make it unanimous.

Nearly one hundred thousand people were killed last year by accidents. If the rate continues to increase, maybe after a while we won't have to have any wars.

A San Francisco restaurant patron choked to death when a piece of steak became lodged in his throat. Restaurant portions must be getting back to pre-war size.

One good turn influences us to expect another.

A vision comes of the kiddy of the future tossing a coin to decide whether he'll take the name of his papa or his mama.

Bernard Shaw says that Shakespeare would have been amused by Charlie Chaplin. But then, Shakespeare would have been amused by Shaw.

The self-made man always acts as though he ought to take out a patent on himself.

In Russia the present police system will undergo a radical change.

—*Czechoslovak Review.*
He's going to get his hair cut and shave off his beard.

If the universe is really one thousand times larger than we thought it was, how large did we think it was?

Sculptor Bartlett says "American sculpture henceforth must look as if it were made in America."

That bars out any more Statues of Liberty.

The only hold that is barred out in intercollegiate wrestling tournaments is the Yale lock.

Most dangerous days in the week for structural iron workers are Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays.—*News Item.*

But do any organized laborers ever work that many days in a week?

A great many new postmasters are going to be put on the civil list this year. Why not the trolley conductors?

Lenine's idea is that Capital should assist Bolshevism until Bolshevism is strong enough to destroy Capital.

An Iowa man attempting suicide via the pistolic route succeeded merely in shooting his own hat off. Which proves two things: That it is dangerous to

be too much of a highbrow, and that it is possible even for a lowbrow to get off something that goes right over his own head.

"Who was it that started the superstition about Friday being an unlucky day?" asks a contemporary.

Oh, it was just some poor fish.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a machine which will produce sleep.

—*Scientific Journal.*
Carpentier?

July 2nd definition of a one hundred per cent. American: One who bets on Dempsey and yells for Carpentier.



Muggsie: IT'S ALL RIGHT, KID. I'LL COME BACK HERE AROUND FEEDIN' TIME AND THROW YE A FISH.

Charles M. Schwab announces publicly that he is wearing a ten-year-old suit of clothes. Only a steel magnate can afford to do this and boast about it.

We never cared so much for money as some people. All we want is enough to enable us to dismiss it utterly from our minds.

Steamer Blown Into Bank.—*Headline.*
The result of an over-draft, we take it.

Puritanism is disappointment justifying itself.

Light behavior is measured in terms of scandal power.



Drawn by ROBERT L. DICKEY.

The Cave Man

The Herford Aesop

THE ASS AND THE IMAGE

AN Ass once carried through the town
A precious Image of renown
Upon his back. Observing how
The crowds upon the streets would bow
Their heads devoutly as he passed
He thought they bowed to him. "At last!"
Brayed he, "the world has come to see
My wisdom, my nobility,
My majesty, my *strength of will!*"
Reflecting thus, the Ass stood still;
Nor would he stir a step until
In angry tones the driver cried,
"Get up, you lazy beast!" and plied
His whip. "Maybe you think it's you
The people there are bowing to!
Things have come to a pretty pass
When folks turn out to laud an ASS!"



THE KID AND THE WOLF

A KID, safe in a hayloft high,
Laughed at a Wolf that happened by;
"Well," said the Wolf, "I must admit
Up there you have the best of it;
But let the Hayloft have its due,
'Tis the Loft laughs at me, not you;
If you don't think so, try your wit
Down here, and see who laughs at it!"



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Where to Go To-night

"HOW about taking in 'Hamlet'?" I see they're advertising that a lot. It must be a—"

"Oh, I hate those costume plays. What was that show the Wetzels went to see the night before last—'The Nemesis'?" They said that wasn't so—"

"No,—Mrs. Wetzel told me that it didn't end happily. I hate to go to see anything that leaves a bad taste in your mouth. What I say, is, I go to the theatre to be amused. Why don't you try to get tickets for 'The First Year'? Everybody seems to think—"

"Isn't that that thing about married life, that everybody says—"



Owner: JUST SPEAK TO HIM, SONNY, AND HE WON'T BITE YOU.
"I-I C-CAN'T SPEAK."

is so natural? I wouldn't go around the corner to see that. I go to the theatre to see acting—I don't pay out my good money to see a lot of actors and actresses being natural. What about this 'Mr. Pim Passes By'? Have you heard anyone say how that—"

"I don't know—do you think there would be any shooting in it? I'd kind of like to see 'Nice People.' Mrs. Deady went the other night, and she says it was the best-dressed audience she had seen in she didn't know when. Did you see what kind of criticism it—"

"Oh, I never read the criticisms. It always spoils a play for me to know beforehand what it's about. And besides, what do these critics know about it, any more than you or me? I don't take anybody's word but my own. What kind of a show is this 'Deburau,' or however you say it? I heard a man down at the office say—"

"Well, the name sounds pretty Frenchy to me. It doesn't seem like anything that I'd care for. I don't see any excuse for those things—I don't think they are even funny, and I'm just as fond of a joke as the next one. I wish there was something like 'The Man from Home' going on—"

"Yes,—now there was a show that didn't insult a person's intelligence. What's this 'Miss Lulu Betts'? Think that would be any—"

"No—I saw a lot of pictures of scenes from that, and nobody wore any pretty clothes. Besides, Mrs. Weth promised to lend me the book, just as soon as her sister-in-law is through with it. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddie said 'Sally' was good, but that's one of those musical things, and I always like a strong play, like 'The Man Who Came Back,' or something like—"

"Well, what about—Oh, say, I was passing the Elite on the way home, and I see they're showing 'Gilded Lies' to-night. We could just about make the half-past-seven show if you'd—"

"Wait till I get my hat on—I won't be a minute."

Dorothy Parker.



Drawn for LIFE by HENRY RALEIGH.
Hurlingham, England, June, 1921.

ANOTHER FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENT

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

Which Fourth Is American?

By WALLACE IRWIN

TO Editor "LIFE Humorous Gazette" who so fearlully go at things without making bones.

Dearest Sir:—Since the umportant date of July approaches up with fire-cracking noise of patriotic banzai I wish ask you one intellectual reply. Where can I go on July ¼ to watch Americans celebrate this Hon. Birthday of U. S.? I am curio to know this answer.

Quite recently of yore my Cousin Nogi approach to me with rye expression and quote,

"Togo, we shall study American customs at night school. I shall show you where July 4th is being manufactured."

I feel very Jeery, so he show me one page of printing to say:

**PATRIOTS ATTENTION!!!
GIANT MASH MEETING AT
SINNFEINBURG'S HALL**

TO ARRANGE JULY 4

EXERCISES

ALL COME FREE

At 8 p. m. (midnight saving) me and Nogi was there among a very simultaneous crowd of pushers. Patriotism everywhere on happy smilax of faces, including slight warfare when two (2) Irishes come together.

"Japan is defeated when meeting such brave & fierce Americans," I dictate to Nogi.

"Hissy!" he say it when seated. "Hon. Chair have arisen to speak a keynote."

"Kamerads," explain that dignified furniture on high platform, "pleasant welcome to all! So glad, by golly, see such many people admiring freedom and egger to celebrate Birthday of Liberty." (Noises.) "Flags of all nations, except U. S., Gt. Britten & France, are artistically draped round this room. Those bright banners we could not include because afraid to hurt somebody's feelings." (Applauds.)

"Nextly on program," dictate Hon. Chair, "will be Grand Master of ceremonies, Herr Terence von Grogan, who will relate to you Line of March."

"Fellow soviets," Herr von Grogan say so, "I greet you in name of illustrious comrades, George Washington and Abraham Linconski. Motto of our July 4 parade

will be Fairness to Nearly All. Therefore I will tell you our line of march.

"This grandy militia display will be led by N. Y. Police Force, wearing green helmets with orange spikes. We have invited Mayor Hylan to come nextly, riding golden chariot labelled 'Gott Strafe England.' No reply as yet. Nextly will

frances indemnity in 24 hours. The Unprejudiced Irish-American Sinn Fein Ladies' Benevolent Association will pass through the crowd collecting \$\$ for submarines to blow up England. Line of march will walk to Shootingfester's Park where Central European Association of Wilson Haters will serve hombru-hoochivodka (national drink) while Declaration of Independence are read in Ukranian by Eugene V. Debs."

Hon. von Grogan stop for enjoy cough, then ask it:

"We hope happy July 4 will be enjoyed by all in our parade which will be Internationalist as possible. Therefore I ask to know. Has any nation not been mentioned for our exercises?"

Upon this enlarged question some excitement emerged in middle of hall. We look. One wounded soldier stand there declining slightly on his crutch.

"If convenient I shall mention one small but self-determined nation not included in your parade," he admit with horse voice.

"We listen patiently," corrode Hon. Chair. "Which nation, please?"

"United States," snuggest Hon. Soldier.

"Ah! In scrush of work we cannot think of everything. Are you an American?"

"I are."

"Which kind?"

"Which kind have you?"

"German-American, Irish-American, Russian-American, Finnish-American—"

"So sorrow," report this crude Yankidoodle fellow, "I am merely American."

"Where is the other half of you?" snagger Hon. Chair.

"I left it in France," dib Hon. Soldier, "but that was American too."

"Such persons like you make Progress walk backwards," snarrel Hon. Chair.

"Next subject: Our 20,000,000\$ drive for Filipino war bonds to free those delicious islands from cruel yoke of U. S."

Hon. Soldier stompe out with mouth full of Pershing language.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.



"WHAT YE READIN', MICKEY?"
"DEMON DAVE THE DEATH NOTCH DESTROYER." GEE, I
WISHT ONE GLANCE OF ME COLD GRAY EYE WOULD MAKE
PEOPLE'S BLOOD FREEZE IN THEIR VEINS."

come artistic float entitled 'Horrors on the Hudson,' showing Hon. Emma Goldman being chaperoned to Petrograd by wicked bourgeoisie of Federal Secret Service.

"To follow those will come German Kragliederfestbund making music of new ntl. anthem 'The Star Mangled Banner.' Chorus of this are like these:

'The Star Mangled Banner
Too long does she siphon
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the hyphon.'

(Song enjoyed by all.)

"Nextly will come German-American cadets in uniform of Imperial Flammenwerfer. Japan-American brass band will follow leading Russo-American Ladies' Red Guard Marching Club. Float entitled 'Let Us Forget' will show German printers' union manufacturing 1,000,000,000



Drawn by ARTHUR G. DOVE.

Customer: CAN I SEE YOUR CITY DIRECTORY?

Drug Clerk (peevishly): IT'S IN BACK, AND I'M TOO BUSY NOW TO GET IT.

"OH, ALL RIGHT. I WANTED TO BUY TWO BOXES OF CIGARS HERE TO SEND TO A FRIEND, BUT I'D FORGOTTEN HIS ADDRESS. GOOD-BY."

Second-Hand Hospitals

WHAT is a second-hand hospital?

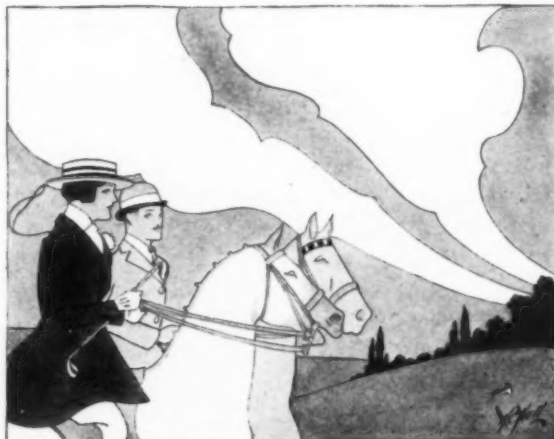
A report we have received about the ex-service men states that the last Congress provided for 7,000 beds for our disabled soldiers, "but the 3,000 beds in second-hand hospitals will not be ready before six months or one year, and the 4,000 beds in the new hospitals to be built will not be ready before one or two years."

A second-hand hospital, therefore, appears to be a place where less than half the needed number of beds is provided.

Second-hand hospitals appear to be good enough for our disabled soldiers, and this two years after the war, when first-class hospitals, with ample accommodations, could be provided in a jiffy. If the authorities were made to do it by public opinion,

"THERE don't seem to be so many burglaries as there were."

"Maybe everything has been stolen."



"I TOLD HIM HE MUSTN'T SEE ME ANY MORE."
"WHAT DID HE DO THEN?"
"SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS."

Her Choice

LITTLE Helen's mother had been carefully telling her of the expected arrival of the Stork at their home. Helen had shown only a passing interest in the news until questioned as to whether she preferred a little brother or a sister. Her answer was very direct. "I don't care whether it's a brother or sister, but I hope it's not a cousin."

WALLPAPER SALESMAN: Something quiet and soothing, I suppose?

CUSTOMER: No, something loud and irritating—it's for the guest chamber.

ASSOCIATION of ideas is a curious thing. There was once a man who couldn't eat bacon because he disliked eggs.



JUNE 30, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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BARRING accidents Admiral Sims will be home before this issue of LIFE gets around, and it will be a happy homecoming for him. He must have had a splendid time. His remarks, which have caused so much comment, were not projected until very near the end of his leave, so that when the Navy Department ordered him home he was just coming anyhow. He has shown his usual fine indiscretion in public speech, and a very nice calculation about when to commit it. Everything about his remarks seems to be regular. He made them; gentlemen interested in the Irish vote objected, and the Navy Department inquired. The cable service was slow, the inquiry was belated, the discussion at home got a chance to be quite fierce and very voluminous indeed, and all went quite merry.

There is no particular objection to what the Admiral said. What he said about the Sinn Feiners being troublesome in the war was all true. What he said about the zebras was not far out. It gratified most of the English very much indeed, and pleased a lot of people here at home—more, four times over, than it offended. He did not discuss the politics of the Irish question, but by implication he did scant justice to a very large company of Irish voters in the United States and to many in Ireland. When the *Morning Post* of London remarked, in commenting on his speech, that "America can hardly be ignorant of the indescribable orgy of crime now disgracing the Irish before the whole civilized world," it omitted to realize that the disgrace of the said orgy is not monopolized by the Irish, but is shared by the present English Government. That is widely understood in these States. The mass of our people do not like American voters to be Irish in their American

politics. If you call Senator Walsh of Massachusetts a political renegade, they will not think you are doing him an injustice. If you call Judge Daniel Cohalan a political zebra in Admiral Sims' sense, there may be some noise, but it won't hurt. But on the general subject of Ireland, political sympathy in this country is preponderantly with the Irish, and holds to the opinion that is held by a lot of the best people in England, that the Irish and their hopes have not been well handled since 1914, and that the "indescribable orgy of crime" that the *Morning Post* speaks of is considerably due to British blunders.

What is wanted in these States is not a new conquest of Ireland by English soldiery, nor the total detachment of Ireland from the British Empire, but that the moderates in both Ireland and England shall get together and agree on something that will bring permanent peace in Ireland. Mr. Thomas Lamont, who is just back from Europe, thinks that result will soon come, and that within the next six months or less a general settlement will be effected along the line of dominion government for Ireland. He considers that the British have the best case at present; that Sinn Fein terrorists are trying to block agreement, and that it was due to fear of them that DeValera declined Lloyd George's invitation to come to London for a conference.



VERILY indiscretion is the life of diplomacy. Mr. Hughes has worked industriously and to good purpose. For three months he corresponded to good effect with Germany and with Mexico, and made important decisions and very praiseworthy ones, and no great excite-

ment about it. But our two military men in England—Colonel Harvey and Admiral Sims—got everybody excited and all talking at once. People are still mad because Colonel Harvey said we went into the war to save our own skins. Our Irish are generally mad at Admiral Sims and are going to remind him of what they did in the war, and they did first-class. Sinn Feiners and Bolsheviks, who want to get everybody by the ears, are circulating Secretary Denby's cablegram to Sims throughout Europe; the Baptist Ministers' conference in New York protests against the recall of Sims as prejudicial to good feeling between us and the British people; the London police have prohibited poker in the London clubs, and so it goes.



BUT the real news of this week of writing has not been about Admiral Sims, nor Irish indignation, but about money. Money for some time has been obtruding itself upon private notice because of the difficulty of getting it. This week it obtruded itself on public notice because of the course of stocks. They slumped quite badly. The immediate reason was that so many people had to sell securities to pay their income taxes. It is very distressing to have to sell securities at this time, because the price of them is already so low. A great many of them are low because they have stopped paying dividends. They have stopped paying dividends because business is bad. Business is bad because of an immense deflation in values, because cost of production is too high, because the burden of taxation is too heavy and not well adjusted, and because we have a diminished European market. Nothing effectual has

been done yet to help Europe buy from us. It was believed that the United States would be a great stabilizer in the affairs of the world. We have not become so yet, and the affairs of the world are very unstable. France is keeping up a big army at a cost that she cannot afford. England the same in a less degree, partly because of the trouble in Ireland. There are altogether too many men under arms in Europe and altogether too much money is spent in maintaining them. The Germans are the best off in that respect. They are allowed only a small army, and they grumble about paying for that.



FOR months a great many private citizens, bankers, lawyers, capitalists, officers of corporations and men of business generally, have been sitting by the bedside of business, and giving it oxygen and stimulants, to prevent the collapse of large concerns, and tide things over until there is improvement. What has been done in this direction gets very little into the newspapers. Not many people outside of those who have worked on this job know what the work has been. In spite of it all Wall Street prices keep sagging. How much more will they drop three months from now when there is another instalment of income tax to pay? If business improves it will be paid, and indeed it will be paid anyhow, but the paying will take some pinching, and doubtless more sales of securities.

So there you are! To look ahead and see payments coming that must be made and not know where the money is coming from to make them, is an incentive to an interest in politics, local, national and international. It behooves us all to think for a while somewhat more about money. When Congress realizes that we are thinking about it, it may stop listening to long discourses about George Harvey and Admiral Sims and think more about taxes and expenditures. A great many Americans have had to reorder their lives and abate their scale of living. A great many more will have to do those things. Economy is getting to be compulsory—personal economy and governmental. Congress cannot long spend money that the taxpayers have not got for armies, navies, ships or even roads. Wall Street has been telling a story that Washington will have to heed. We shall all have to heed it. We shall not be able to spend what we cannot get.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

THE picture reproduced above was printed first in LIFE's issue of July 10, 1902, starting the crusade for a safe and sane Fourth. Since then it has been reprinted many times by the papers throughout the country. How many lives have been saved by this picture since it first appeared, it is, of course, impossible to say, but the steady decrease in Fourth of July tragedies since 1902 is a matter of history.



A HEADLINE reads, "Another cut announced in price of Ford cars," and a dispatch from Detroit bears it out. It is just a little cut of fifteen to fifty dollars. The great improvement that friends of Fords would like to see is not so much a reduction in price as the use of better and more durable materials in the composition of these useful domestic utensils. Testimony is very general that Ford cars had better engines ten years ago than they have now. No doubt the same thing is true of most other cars, and is due primarily to the scarcity of first-rate materials induced by the war. We do not know what the Ford income from the sale of parts is, but it must be huge, and anything that cheapens the construction of the cars would seem likely to increase the income from the sale of new parts. It would save money to the great company of Ford owners if instead of cutting the price of his cars, Mr. Ford could increase their durability, and diminish the frequency of their visits to the

operating room at the garage. Once a major operation begins on a Ford, the average owner knows as little about what happens as a patient under ether.



FRIENDS of dogs, who object to vivisection, have a new ally in Dr. William Mayo, the famous surgeon of Rochester, Minn., who told the Boston Surgical Society, on June 6th, that if they wished to continue to have the benefits of animal experimentation, which have resulted, he said, in "gifts of inestimable value to humanity," they must protect the dog from wanton experimenters. "It is undoubtedly true," Dr. Mayo said, "that opposition to animal experimentation has been brought about by physicians themselves. For at least 4,000 years the dog has been man's friend and companion, and the practice of buying stolen family pets at small prices for animal experimentation has alienated the public."

For a layman to say that might not do much good, but when Dr. Mayo says it, it counts.

E. S. Martin.



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—The Honeymoon Couple



moon Couple Answer the Ad.



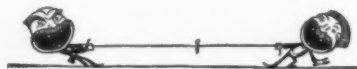
The Whirl Series

SUMMER fashions in musical-show titles indicate that "whirl" is supplanting "girl" in the favor of those Phi Beta Kappa boys who assemble our revues for us. Where the lights used to read "The Moonshine Girl," "The Girl With the One-Man Top," or "Girl Trouble," this summer we find "The Broadway Whirl" and "The Whirl of New York." (There are only these two whirls so far, and no prospects of any more to come, but that's enough for a generalization in a superficial treatise like this.)

"The Whirl of New York" is the old-time "The Belle of New York" after an application of monkey-glands. As it stands it is a very presentable Winter Garden show, with every now and then an old tune arising to haunt the memory of those over thirty-five.

And right here let us issue a warning, in seven different languages, against the man "who saw the original show." He will probably sit directly in back of you and will be in splendid voice. When the first strains of "Follow On" are heard, he will take it as a signal from the stage-manager for him to help out in a big humming number, and, nudging his partner as if to say "Get this!" he will clear his throat and trail along with Miss Nancy Gibbs and the chorus, giving them the benefit of his experience and what is left of his voice. When it is over he will explain how much better he and Edna May did it in the original production.

The Shuberts had a contract on their first-night tickets stipulating that everyone should be in his seat at 8:30 sharp. There should be some written understanding on all tickets prohibiting old-timers from humming during the "Belle of New York" numbers. And if the management doesn't do anything about it, this department, like the *Emperor Jones*, has been saving one silver bullet for a particular occasion, whenever it may arise, and now is as good a time as any to use it.



"THE WHIRL OF NEW YORK" can be commended only in comparison with preceding Winter Garden shows. Viewed in the light of what might have been expected considering the money that it represents, it is unimpressive. A lavish production, with a good-looking chorus (if you skip every third or fourth one), plenty of smooth music and lots of dancing constitute its assets. Its liabilities are many.

Miss Dorothy Ward and Mr. Shaun Glenville, brought over from England by the Shuberts for the fortunately ill-fated "Phoebe of Quality Street," seem to be working off some sort of peonage arrangement with the American producers, for they have been set to work again in "The Whirl of New York" before their clothing has dried out from the wreck of the

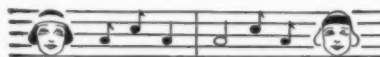
"Phoebe." And work they do, with a right good will. Miss Ward has more room to swing about in than she did in her first venture and therefore does not appear so crowded. And, after all, she has what William James called the Will to Believe, and if she only keeps on believing hard enough the audience may let her have it her own way.

One of the best things about "The Whirl of New York" is the small number of times that Louis Mann is allowed on the stage. It is almost as good as not having him in the show at all.



"THE BROADWAY WHIRL" is about in a class with the rest of the summer shows that have taken the Big Chance this season. We find ourselves resorting again and again to that tabloid criticism of Hugh Cameron's: "Not bad! Not good—but not bad!" That's about all there is to say.

Richard Carle is funny when he has anything to be funny with, and once in a while in "The Broadway Whirl" this occurs, as in a burlesque musical comedy which he does with Blanche Ring. It takes a master comic to venture into a restaurant scene of the type which had its inception in the days when Edwin Booth, playing the part of the waiter, said, "It looks like rain," to which Edwin Forrest, playing the customer, replied (looking at the coffee): "It looks like rain, but it tastes like dishwater." And yet Richard Carle takes such a scene and gets quite a number of legitimate laughs from it, as, for instance, when he tells Charles Winninger that, while they have no wild fish ready at that moment, he will be glad to provoke one for him, calling out to the chef: "Tease a trout for the gentleman." (I guess that isn't so funny, after all. You get the idea, anyway.)

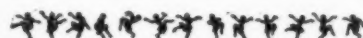


WITH Blanche Ring in the line-up you might expect that some good song would be given a flying start to popularity, but unfortunately Miss Ring's big song number is one which couldn't be sung outside the men's wash-room, so its territory is rather limited for a great national song-hit. It is too bad, for Miss Ring looks nice, and doesn't have to resort to Eddie Cantor methods to get a laugh. She gets a great many on her own methods later in the show.

Charles Winninger is a talented comedian, but in "The Broadway Whirl" he is at his best while playing the various instruments of which he is master. In his case, as with Miss Winona Winter, who performs an old-fashioned ventriloquist act, you are so grateful to find someone in the cast of a musical show who has any skill which represents serious study or home-work, that you are almost overcome with emotion.

Mr. Jay Gould is the other member of the five-star team, and he deserves the prominence just for being an agreeable young man to have dancing around on the stage. A lot of them are not.

And while we are on the subject of young men dancers, a word must be said for the one in "The Broadway Whirl" who sets a new record for his class by not tucking the ends of his black bow tie under his "Wedgewood 14 1/4" collar.



THE music in "The Broadway Whirl" is a little more easily remembered than that in many of the other summer shows,

perhaps because it has been done before so often. Anyone who liked that touching though throaty appeal of two seasons back to "Come where the Camp-fire is gleaming," will be sure to like "Poppy Land" in the present production. And those sitting in aisle-seats will appreciate the frequent ministrations of the chorus.

GEORGE M. COHAN has announced that he is definitely through with producing plays, owing to the demands of the Actors' Equity Association. Perhaps Mr. Cohan wants to devote all his time to running that elevator he once swore he would operate rather than see the actors win their strike in 1919.

Robert C. Benchley.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.



More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Perfectly splendid murder, arson, robbery and general nerve-racking mystery.

Goat Alley. *Bijou.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Old-fashioned melodrama moved to the Himalayas and all slicked up by George Arliss, in a highly effective manner.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—As fine a thing as has been done this season. An account of Liliom, the Roughneck's, life and death, with his adventures in Heaven.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Broken Wing. *Forty-Eighth St.*—At any rate, you'd think it was a real airplane that crashes into the end of the first act.

The First Year. *Little.*—Frank Craven's hilarious epic of the commonplace.

The Ghost Between. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Some of it is good, including Arthur Byron, but at times you don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Just Married. *Shubert.*—Regulation bedroom farce, this time on board an ocean liner. Lynne Overman makes it funnier than most of them.

Ladies' Night. *Eltinge.*—Couldn't be much more offensive and, by the same token, couldn't be much more popular.

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—Will bear watching.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Garrick.*—Extremely pleasant English comedy, extremely well done in spite of constant moving about from theatre to theatre.

Nice People. *Klats.*—An amusing sermon in three acts, dealing with the younger set of to-day, especially Miss Francine Larimore.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Broadway Whirl. *Times Square.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Dumbells. *Ambassador.*—Canadian war-veterans in a soldier-show of considerable merit.

Honeydew. *Casino.*—Zimbalist's score well sung.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—Good music by Oscar Straus with Eleanor Painter to sing it splendidly, and James Barton to act comical, which he does about as well as anyone in town.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—Leon Errol and Marilyn Miller in as satisfactory a musical comedy as can be found.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Colored players in a performance just bubbling with jazz, rhythm and harmony.

Snapshots of 1921. *Selwyn.*—Nora Bayes, Lew Fields and DeWolf Hopper in a collection of burlesques, some very funny and others very depressing.

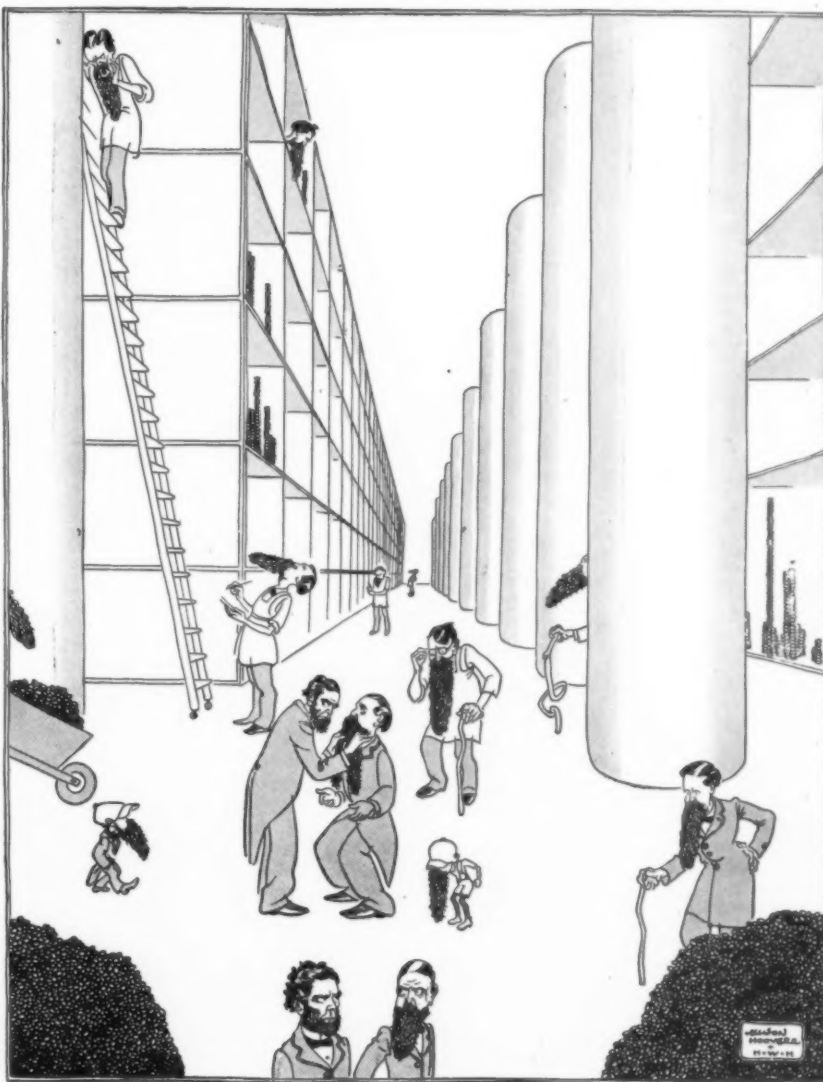
Sun-Kist. *Sam H. Harris.*—Came here from California for a month and has been induced by popular demand to stay longer. Second-class, but good second-class.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan's.*—You won't die laughing at it, but

you will whistle a great deal afterward and try out some dance-steps when you are alone.

The Whirl of New York. *Winter Garden.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ziegfeld Follies. *Globe.*—To be reviewed later.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

NO. 2.—TAKING STOCK AT THE BROTHERS SMITH. A TENSE MOMENT. BROTHER E. S. SMITH MISLAYS A COUGH DROP.

Let Us Have Clothes

Sounder Proposes to Ration What the Man Will Wear

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SENATOR MOSES
ENVISAGES
A MENACE.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Everyone has dreamed at one time or another of sitting in a theatre or walking down the middle of Fifth Avenue and suddenly realizing that by some unaccountable oversight he has neglected to put on any clothes. It is not a comfortable feeling, yet there is every prospect that the facts of the dream may become painful reality to the citizens of the United States.

Senator Moses is the man who has wakened me to the grave menace that threatens this republic. After studying the facts about the clothing industry that he recently gave to the Senate, it is perfectly apparent that this country is heading straight for an Adam-and-Eve state of affairs.

Since December, it seems, there have been strikes in most of the great clothing centres, with the result that production is only 25 per cent. normal. Simple calculation shows that in a few years, therefore, only 25 per cent. of our citizens will have any clothes at all. This would almost certainly develop a clothing aristocracy more snobbish than the money barons of the past; families of the future would

boast of descent from a dress-suit, and a man whose grandfather had owned a pair of Style-Bilt trousers would be a personage of some importance in his community.

It is impossible, however, to think of giving in to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who, according to report, are seeking to sovietize the clothing industry, and who, it is said, are so vermilion in sympathy that Mr. Gompers has repudiated them. Now I, for one, should most seriously object to having my suits made by a Bolshevik who might at any moment take it into his head to start a little direct action by sewing a bomb in the interlining.

I have no desire to put myself at the mercy of my tailor, and I am sure that the country as a whole is with me. Obviously, then, we should meet a 25 per cent. production by putting ourselves on a 25 per cent. clothing ration, and I am already preparing a bill to that effect.

I am sure that our Senators could not have killed the peace treaty half so easily if the debate had been conducted in B. V. D.'s, no matter how statesman-

like the cut. And at inaugurations, what chance will a future president have to be impressive about Americanism, against the background of a union suit?

My clothes-rationing bill is still very much in the rough, and I shall welcome any suggestions that may be offered. Under the first draft I have divided the country into districts, according to climate:

To the New England states I have assigned low shoes, bathing trunks, and as a compliment to the capital of Massachusetts, garters.

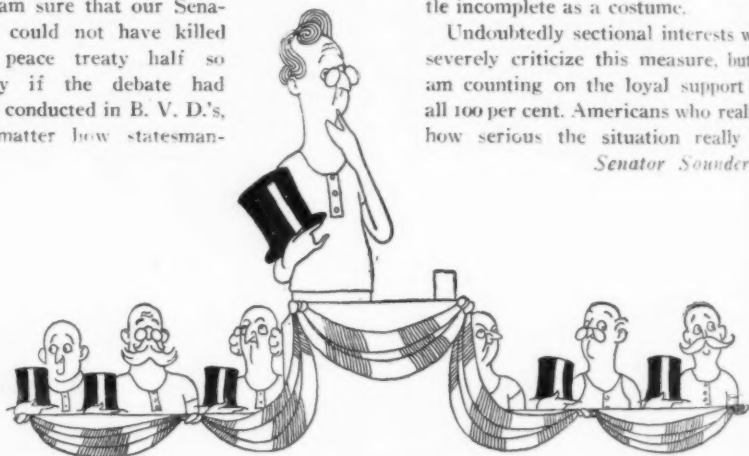
District 2, comprising the Middle Western states, could get along, I think, with collars, neckties (optional) and waistcoats.

To the colder regions I have apportioned a serviceable suit of balbriggans, with belt in winter.

For the Southwestern district I haven't been able to think of anything except suspenders, which I admit seem a little incomplete as a costume.

Undoubtedly sectional interests will severely criticize this measure, but I am counting on the loyal support of all 100 per cent. Americans who realize how serious the situation really is.

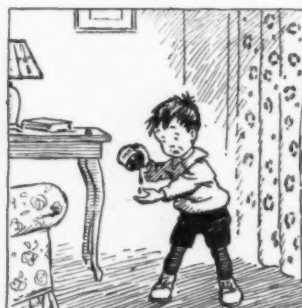
Senator Sounder.



WHAT CHANCE WOULD A FUTURE PRESIDENT HAVE TO BE IMPRESSIVE?



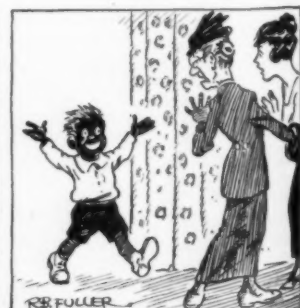
"WILLIE, COME KISS MISS SIMPSON GOOD-BY."



"DARN IT! TH' SITUATION—"



"DEMANDS DESP'RATE MEASURES!"



"HERE I AM!"

A Little Love

A LITTLE love, a little jest,
A little word of cheer, divest
Dull days of sordid thought and care,
Make sorrow easier to bear,
And apathy and age arrest.

No doubts shall sap our courage, lest
We prove unequal to Life's test,
If we may only give and share
A little love.

And, though we journey East or West,
On fortune bent or fearsome quest,
We shall be strong to do and dare,
So we discover here and there,
In deed or look made manifest,
A little love.

Charlotte Becker.



The Doctor: AND IF HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN, GIVE HIM A TEASPOONFUL OF THAT BRANDY.

The Patient's Wife: WHILE HE'S UNCONSCIOUS? SURE, DOCTOR, HE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME.



HOW THE RUMPUS BEGAN

JIMMIE MONK HAD A SORE TOE. AND MR. HIPPO, THE UMPIRE, APPOINTED LONG BOB GIRAFFE AS HIS BASE RUNNER.

Sacrilege?

THERE has been a great deal of agitation in England over the fact that the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is to be used as a Motion Picture Palace. Shakespeare himself, when interviewed about the matter, appeared to be divided in his mind:

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.—*Tempest*.

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

—*Merry Wives*.

Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff.

—*Henry IV*.

The best in this kind are but shadows.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

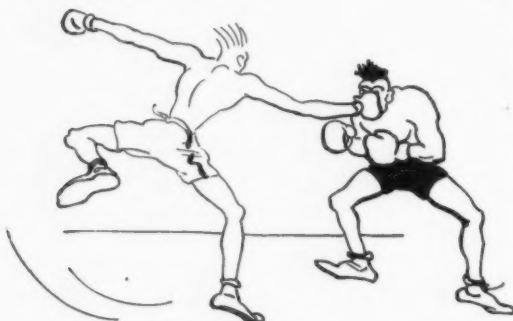
An International Episode

By ROBERT EDGREN

JACK DEMPSEY isn't so sure of having an easy time when he meets Georges Carpentier.

"The big fellows like Willard and Morris and Fulton are duck soup," explains Dempsey. "I hit them and they don't hit me, because I am fast enough to beat them to the punch. I could go along beating them once a week as long as anybody'd toss 'em into the ring. But don't let anybody give you the dope that Georges hasn't a chance. The only fellows I ever had trouble with were the speed boys. You've got to hit 'em before you can put 'em down, and if you're up against a fellow who makes you miss you get tired."

"There's nothing that takes the sap out of a fighter like missing punches. It's worse than being hit."



GEORGES' FAR-FAMED RIGHT IN ACTION

"From what I hear, Georges can travel faster than bad news, and he has a kick like a keg of Texas hooch. If Georges is faster than I am he's going to have the same advantage I had against the bigger men I beat. There's only ten pounds between Georges and me, and that isn't much in a heavyweight match. I'm going to train light and for speed, and I expect to win. But I know this is one time I'm going to have a busy afternoon. It won't be any one-two punch and wait for the referee to count ten this trip."

TALKED the fight over with Georges.

"But, yes," said the French champion, "this time you shall see that I can fight. It will not be like that with Levinsky. Then I stood straight up and used no skill because Levinsky would not fight. It is very hard to knock out a man who will not fight. I drop my hands. I ask him to fight. He will not. If he will fight I would knock



A LIFE SKETCH OF DEMPSEY'S FIGHTING FACE

him out in one round. Dempsey will fight. You shall see something happen then."

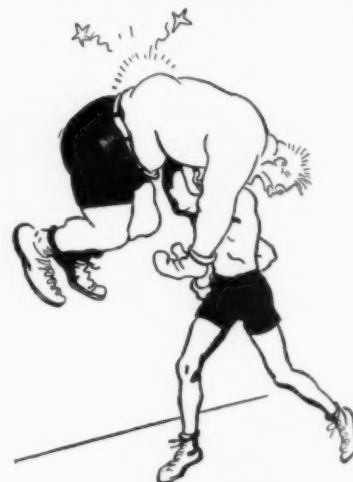
BOTH Georges and Jack have the right dope. Unless Dempsey catches Carpentier with one of his terrific, crushing hits on body or jaw in a round or two he's going to have a fight on his hands.

Carpentier is only a 170-pound man, but he is wonderfully well built. He's strong, very quick, and a remarkably hard hitter at long range. Dempsey, who does his heavy hitting at close range, may have trouble getting past Carpentier's long, straight punches. Dempsey's best plan will be to press Carpentier hard and steadily until he weaves in close enough to drive in his crashing short blows.

If Jack can hit Georges the way he hit Willard in the first round at Toledo they'll have to send out searching parties to find where Georges came down. The uppercut that scrambled Willard's interior arrangements would lift Georges over the top ropes and send him sailing across centre field. But in Willard our friend Jack had

a target about as animated as a ten-ton truck in a bog. Beside Willard, this lad Carpentier is a drifting smoke wreath, a shifting shadow, an evanescent aspect of thought. Dempsey may have to use a sawed-off scatter gun to even nick him.

MOREOVER, Dempsey has been hitting the other fellow first. Also second, third and fourth, when necessary. Carpentier, with his long-range speed, is likely to take the job of hitting first off Dempsey's hands. In that case—well,



JACK FINISHED CARL MORRIS IN ONE PUNCH

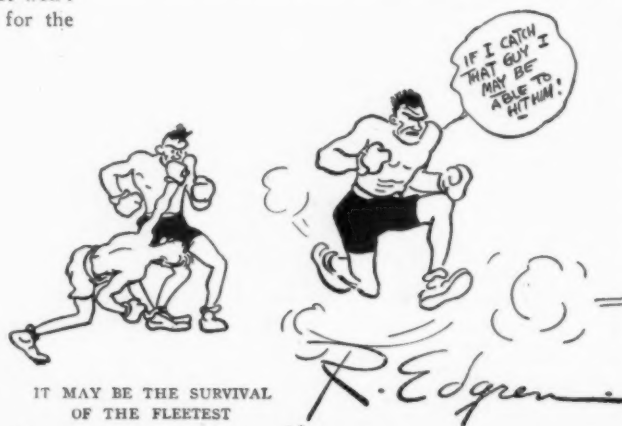
there's no telling what may happen. They haven't been testing Jack's chin much in his other fights. Jack has a good round chin, a strong neck, and every indication of being able to laugh at punishment. In training he likes to have his sparring partners wallop, and I've never seen him shaken. It may be different in a real scrap—with Carpentier.

I said they both had the right dope. Carpentier says: "You shall see something happen then."

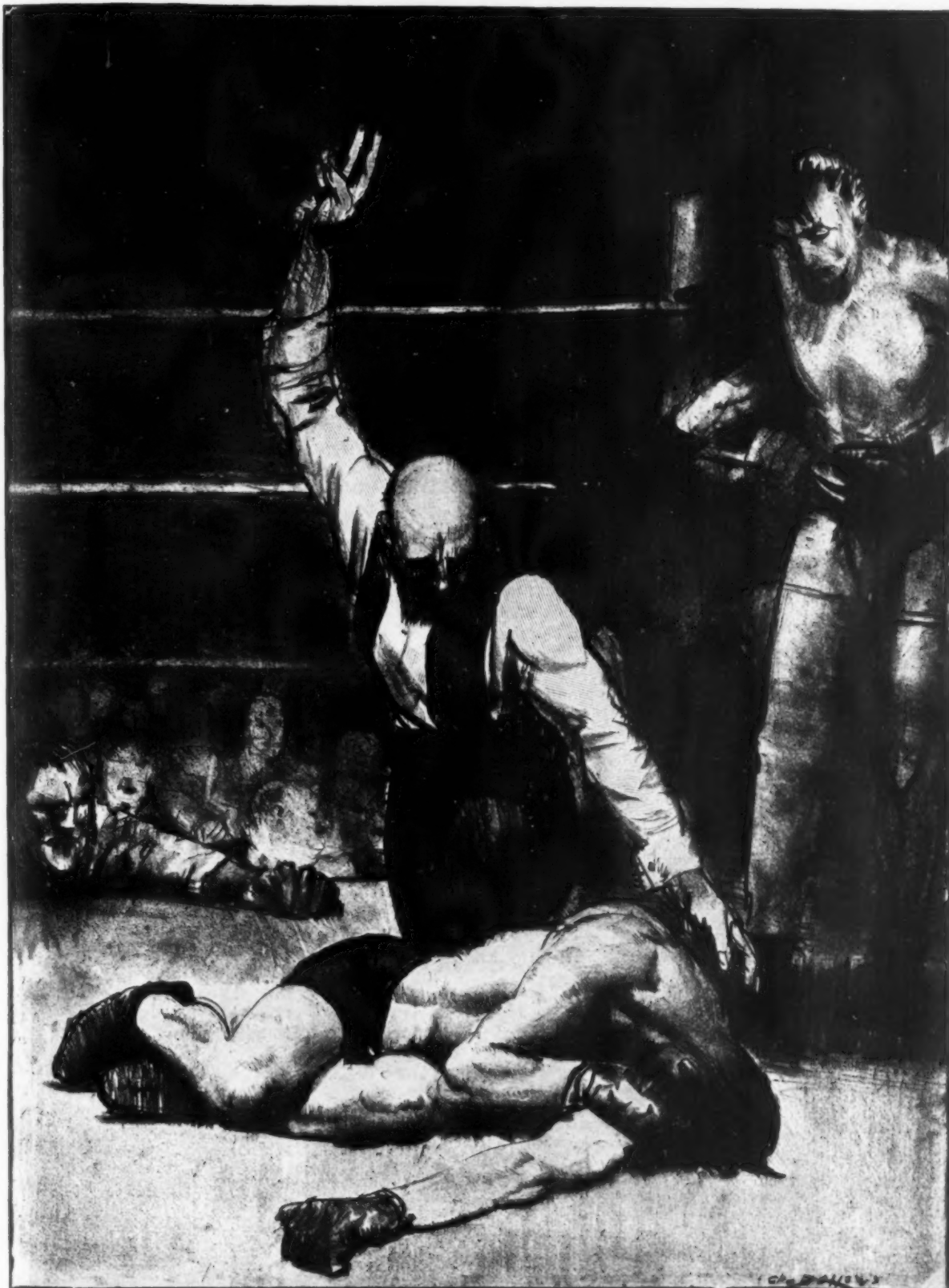
The only question is which will be on the receiving end when it happens.

After all, our little old American champion isn't so slow, and he knows a thing or two about the game himself. The day he beat Willard at Toledo Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight ever seen in an American ring. Or any other ring.

If Georges wins I know of a couple of states out West he can annex to France.



IT MAY BE THE SURVIVAL OF THE FLEETEST



From a lithograph drawn
for LIFE by GEORGE BELLOWE.

The Manly Art

THE SILENT DRAMA



Lessons in Love

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, one of our slenderest stars, is very much addicted to pictures with woefully thin plots, of which "Lessons in Love," her latest effort, is a good example. Its story has just about the same breadth as a geometrical line, and it takes considerably longer to reach a given point.

Based upon a play originally known as "The Man from Toronto," the story concerns one *Leila Calthorpe*, who is ordered, by the terms of a fake will, to marry *John Warren*, whom she has never seen. *Warren* comes from his native California to close the bargain, and *Leila*, in a spirit of sheer deviltry, decides to impersonate her parlor maid—so that she may have a chance to look her fiancé over from a bird's-eye view, so to speak. Having created this situation, the characters proceed to stall around until the requisite amount of footage has been run through the projection machine.

Miss Talmadge uses her shoulders and her eyelashes with the usual devastating effect, but she is altogether too reliant on close-ups—a fault which seems to run in the Talmadge family.

Chet Withey directed "Lessons in Love," and his expert hand is in evidence everywhere. Mr. Withey will make a considerable name for himself if he can ever get a production of his own—something better than the ordinary starring vehicles which he has been connected with up to now.

A Voice in the Dark

AS it was played on the stage two years ago, "A Voice in the Dark" did not look as though it would lend itself to adaptation as a film. It was a singularly original murder mystery story, in which the testimony of a deaf old lady (who saw the murder but could not hear any of it) conflicted with that of a blind old man, who heard the murderer confess, but could not see who was behind the voice in the dark.

Nevertheless, it has been made into a good movie, with much the same suspense that it possessed as a play, and Frank Lloyd deserves credit for an excellent job of adaptation. He is helped out by fine photography, and a competent and well-balanced cast.

Too Much Speed

IF anything should ever happen to mar Wallace Reid's physical perfection*, thereby forcing him to hand in his resignation to Mr. Lasky, he would have no trouble getting a job as demonstrator with some live auto sales agency. He has been practising at the wheels of all makes and all models of cars in his recent pictures, and it is even said that he has mastered all the intricacies of the parking regulations in Hollywood.

"Too Much Speed" follows the formula pretty closely, but produces occasional spurts of action which keep the audience's attention fairly well focused on the track. There are a few good comedy scenes, especially when an irate father in a Hudson attempts to overtake an eloping pair in a Packard—both being arrested by the local police in an eight-cylinder flivver.

Mr. Reid, as a young racing driver, meets all the requirements of his innum-

* Note—God forbid!

erable worshippers, and he is well supported by Theodore Roberts and Agnes Ayres.

Be My Wife

MAX LINDER is not averse to going far—and going low—for a laugh. In "Be My Wife," he goes farther—and lower—than ever before, and the lamentable part of it is that he doesn't get much of a laugh.

With no desire to gild the raspberry, we may say that "Be My Wife" is one of the crudest, vulgarest and most uninteresting pictures we have ever seen.

One a Minute

BARNUM, plus Horace Greeley, provides Douglas MacLean with an opportunity to show how nearly he can grin like the other Doug. The story is as inconsequential as a Palm Beach suit, and as thin in spots. It has to do with *Jimmy Knight*, a young lawyer, who inherits his father's broken-down drug store in the Middle West. A chain drug store is opened across the street, and, to save himself from annihilation, the bold young *Knight* invents a panacea which, strangely enough, panaceas. By doing this, he wins a million and a half dollars, and a girl—both from the unfortunate owner of the rival soda emporium.

It is essentially farcical entertainment, and all very trifling, but Mr. MacLean deserves to be congratulated for one remarkable exhibition of restraint—although the drug store provides the background for most of the action, there are no allusions to the Eighteenth Amendment—no jokes about prescriptions—and, wonder of wonders, no home brew.

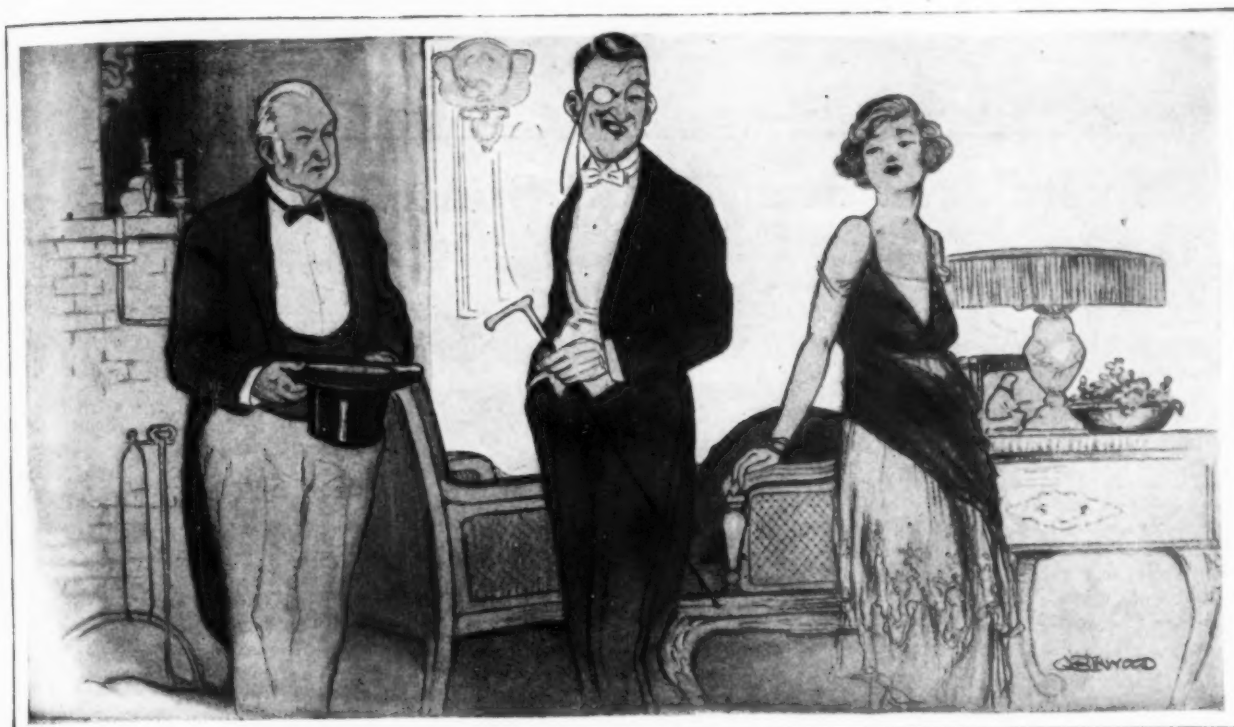
Who says the silent drama isn't progressing?

Robert E. Sherwood.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"A Private Scandal," "A Kiss in Time," "The Golem" and "The Ten Dollar Raise."



"WHAT'S ALL THE JANES DOIN' AROUND BOBBIE?"
"AW, HIS KID SISTER IS GOIN' TO PLAY OPPOSITE JACKIE COOGAN."



WARM PRAISE

"BY JOVE, MISS FROST, IT'S DEUCEDLY REFRESHING, Y'KNOW, TO BE TREATED SO COOLLY AFTER A LONG, HOT DAY IN THE OFFICE."



"GOODNESS, PAPA, YOU HAVE THE TOOTHACHE."
"WHY, SO I HAVE."



SOLILOQUY

"I SHOULD THINK SHE WOULD."



Smile and the World Smiles With You

A Matter of Looks—A homely young English chap, having his view obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest. "See here, miss," he said leaning over, "I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" she replied, in a rich Cockney accent. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer fice."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Assiduous—Father (visiting his son's room at college): Has it gone so far that you can't stop drinking while you study?

Son: On the contrary, dad, I can't stop studying even when I drink.

—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

Unreasonable—Customer (in eating house): 'Ere, take this back, guv'nor—there's three flies in it!

Proprietor (with heat): Well, what d'yer expect for a penny—butterflies?

—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

The Center of the Stage—"Henry, do you see that man trying to flirt with me?"

"No, my dear, how can I? You are standing right in the way."

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

They Might—"Papa," asked little Clementine, "if they made stockings out of Irish poplin, would they call them Sinn Feinery?"—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Preparedness—We ought to be ready for peace. We've been almost three years preparing for it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

"WHAT! BEGGING FROM ME? AND HERE I AM JUST ON MY WAY HOME FROM A CHARITY BALL!"

—*Die Muskete (Vienna)*.



Scoutmaster: YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF A GRAVE DERELICTION OF DUTY, SMITH. IN WAR-TIME THE PENALTY IS DEATH. YOU WILL NOW BE FINED TWOPENCE.—*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

A False Start—Mrs. Newlywed (pressing husband's trousers): Well, Robert, if all wives did as I am doing, this country would have a different aspect.

Robert: Yes, my dear; the men would be wearing their trousers creased on the side.—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

Does This Hit You?—An evangelist had tacked to a tree at the intersection of two roads a sign bearing this advice: "Prepare to meet thy God."

And then along came a man from the State highways department who placed a sign right below it with the single word: "DETOUR."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

This Side the Three-mile Limit—"There's wan goovernment job Oi'd like to have."

"What's that?"

"Collictorr o' the Porrt."

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

The Conclusion—Profiteer's Secretary (with newspaper): Bad news! Control by the working classes and a crisis of unemployment.

Profiteer: Yes . . . we'll have to have another big war.—*Le Peuple (Paris)*.

Hamlet in Suburbia—The times are out of joint, O cursed spite: one place your watch is wrong; another, right.

—*Wall Street Journal*.

In Bleakest Scotland—English Passenger (on Highland coach): Of course, you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Accron?

Driver: Ay, weel.

English Passenger (who has just bought the estate): What sort of a place is it?

Driver: Well, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't, ye'd say: "Puir brute!"

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

The Vacancy Filled—"Old man, if you don't want to pay a tax on your servants, do as I have done—marry your chamber-maid."

"Impossible, old thing—I've just married my cook!"—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

Arkansaw Dramatic Note—Ah-chee Ledgerwood, a ham-bone actor from Hot Water Springs, played "Hamlet" in the old Opera House last week, and had a run of about six miles. He wasn't called before the curtain; they just dared him.

—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat*.

The Legacy—"Our friend has left everything to the Orphan Asylum."

"How much—a large fortune?"

"No; five boys and a girl."

—*Hojas Selectas (Barcelona)*.

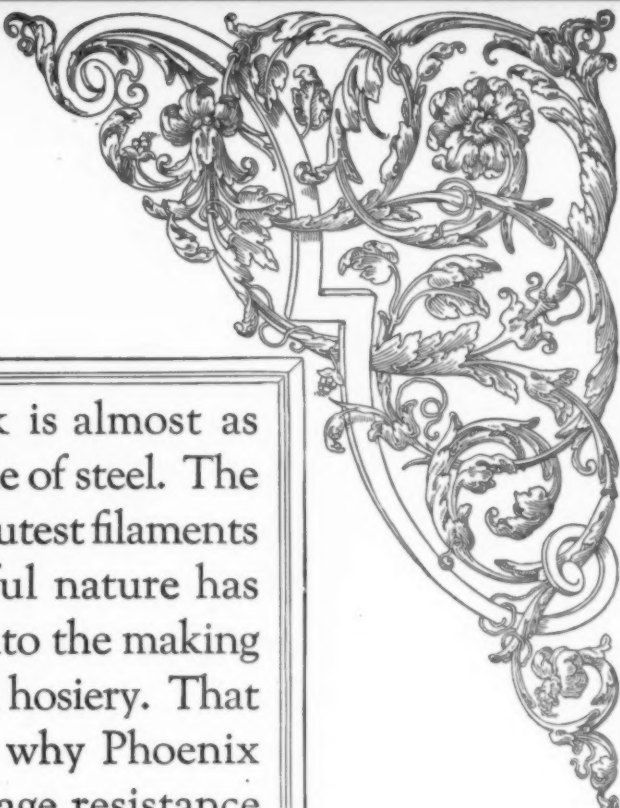
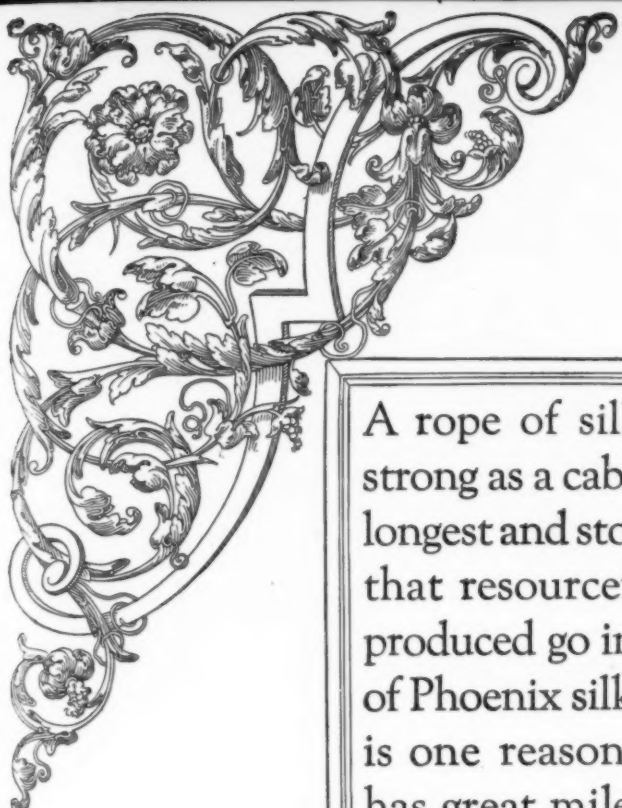
Sacrilege!—The Girl (at the cinema): Look 'ere, Bert, ain't you got no more sentiment than to crunch peppermints while there's a love scene goin' on?

—*Royal Magazine (London)*.



The Veteran (to his partner): SEE THERE, OLD MAN, HOW FUNNY LEGS MAKE YOU LOOK.

—*Numero (Turin)*.



A rope of silk is almost as strong as a cable of steel. The longest and stoutest filaments that resourceful nature has produced go into the making of Phoenix silk hosiery. That is one reason why Phoenix has great mileage resistance — and a shapeliness that endures. For men, women and children, it leads in sales today because of the happy team-work of its downright economy and lasting elegance.

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WDT



Quite Natural

"Strange," murmured the magazine editor, "that this anecdote about Lincoln in his early days has never been in print before."

"It isn't strange at all," returned the contributor with some indignation. "I just thought it up last night."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Paragon

The reason there are so few good husbands is that the test is so severe. A really good husband will register something which looks like genuine grief on learning that the household's favorite fern has died in spite of everything that could be done for it.

—*Kansas City Star.*

Resignation Accepted!

MR. ASSISTANT: I want to tender my resignation. I—

MR. BOSS: Never mind making it tender. Make it brief.—*Cartoons.*

NERVOUS PIANO SALESMAN (formerly a department store clerk): Shall we send it for you?—*Boston Transcript.*



"OH, FERDIE, HURRY UP AND FIND A TAXI; MY NOSE IS SO COLD."

—*London Mail.*

ONE-HALF the world doesn't know why the other half lives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What They "Awked"

Mr. W. Reid Dick, the famous sculptor, tells an amusing story of a Cockney couple on a visit to the Royal Academy.

One picture in particular attracted their attention, and they gazed at it long and earnestly. Its title in the catalogue was "Hawking in the Olden Days."

"'Awking in the olden days," murmured the puzzled 'Enry, frowning his brows. "Well, they didn't arf do it. My word, 'orseback an' all."

"Rather," agreed 'Arriet. "But wot are they 'awking?"

"Blessed if I know," responded the still helpless 'Enry, "unless they're trying to sell their parrots."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

The Highest Bidder

RETIRED AUCTIONEER: And what can you give my daughter?

PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW: A thousand a year, a car, a country house—

RETIRED AUCTIONEER (absent-mindedly): Sold!—*Passing Show (London).*

He's On Their Little List

The Russian people are not much predisposed to soap and water, but there are signs that they may wash out their dirty Lenin before the eyes of the whole world.

—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Always use for Dancing and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Explanation

IN the May 19th issue of the "Life Lines" page, we published a paragraph citing an example of bad English which appeared in the *New York Globe*. We did not fully explain that it was quoted from a letter published in that paper; and the impression was gained that it had been clipped from the *Globe's* editorial columns.

We hasten to correct this impression, and regret that any such misunderstanding should have been brought about.

—THE EDITORS OF LIFE.

"PATIENT man, isn't he?"

"Very. He can even untangle his watch chain from his wife's hair net in the morning without losing his temper."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

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BOND"

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CLEAR
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TAMPA -- HAVANA

Explaining the Irish

The appended extract comes to the Boston *Transcript* from the *Overseas Mail*:

"The difference between an Englishman and an Irishman is the Irishman.

"Many Scotsmen are bankrupt because they believed that the Irish had no capacity for business.

"An Englishman who tries to understand the Irish will have one foot in the nursery and the other in a lunatic asylum.

"Everybody listens to an Irishman—except another Irishman.

"The Irish believe in fairies but bargain in pigs.

"The English and the Irish are very much alike; but the Irish are more so."

Not a Moses

The pile of flints still to be broken was a very large one, thought the stone-breaker as he gazed at it disconsolately between his bites at a large sandwich of bread and cheese. A minister came along and gave him a cheery "Good morning," remarking afterwards that he had a deal of work to get through yet. "Aye," said the eater, "them stones are like the Ten Commandments." "Why so?" inquired the genial parson. "You can go on breaking 'em," came the reply, "but you can't never get rid of 'em."—*London Morning Post*.

The Lesser Evil

A notorious gossip one day went to Dean W. D. Wilson, burning with indignation. "Oh, Doctor, have you heard the disgraceful news? The young people of your church are going to have a dance, they say. How shocking! What do you think about it?" To which the saintly scholar responded sweetly, "Madam, I had rather have them shake their legs than their tongues!"

—*Christian Register*.

A Matter of Orthography

A note from the Fellow to the Boss:

"Dear Sir: I have decided to get another job unless you raze my salary."

The reply:

"I have decided to accede to your request and raze your salary, which will allow you to start on your new job right away."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

In Retrospect

"How did you get that scar?"

"I got that jumping through a plate-glass window in London on Armistice night."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time."—*Tit-Bits*.

An Unlucky Citizen

"He's so unlucky," said the Billville citizen, "that ef his house wuz ter ketch fire, he'd lose his life tryin' ter save a last year's almanac!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

When She Wants to Talk

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?"

"Usually when I want to tell him something important."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A SUCCESSFUL business man is one who can attend all these get-together noonday luncheons without letting his work go to pot.

—*Dallas News*.

Jim Henry's Column

A New Message

Our sales of Mennen Shaving Cream are growing so rapidly that I am going to let the Cream ride for a week or two and use my column to boost Kora-Konia.

There's something baffling about Kora-Konia. It's unquestionably the most beneficent thing our chemists have ever invented—means more to the human race in comfort and escape from skin misery—but it doesn't sell the way it should.

Of course, we sell a lot of it but nothing like what we would if more people would try it.

Some people blame it on the name—say you can't remember it. The other day I heard a lady ask for Korna Kopia. It seems easy enough to me. It's a classic name, too—comes from the Greek and Latin—though I don't know why. Try it yourself slowly K-O-R-A K-O-N-I-A.

Kora-Konia has a lot of gracious virtues—marvelous for babies—but I feel more in my element talking about its goodness for men, preferably oversized, heavily muscled men.

To put aside all false delicacy—do you get raw when you walk or play golf?

Chafing isn't organic—it's a matter of faulty design—a problem for an engineer rather than a doctor.

Your bearings need better lubrication. Kora-Konia covers the skin with a clinging film of powder which stays where it's put—perspiration doesn't wash it away. A film of Kora-Konia absolutely prevents friction and chafing.

But Kora-Konia is also a healing powder of extraordinary potency. It dries up raw flesh, reduces inflammation and removes soreness. Perfectly miraculous for sunburn.

I wish you would try it. Let me send you a big trial box for 15 cents and keep it at the club. The first application will give you undreamed of relief.

If you are permitted to talk about such things, recommend it to some mother for diaper rash.

Remember the name—Kora-Konia.

Send 15 cents for a big trial box.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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3. This offer is open to everyone of eighteen years or older—man or woman—except members and employees of The Durant Corporation and their families.
4. All letters submitted should be sent to The Durant Corporation, 511 Fifth Ave., New York City, should bear the name and address of the sender and must be received not later than 6 P. M. August 1st, 1921. No more than three letters may be submitted by any one person.
5. The judges will be three members of The Durant Corporation and their decision will be final.
6. Suggestions, which may furnish an idea, together with booklet "Bill and His Extra Job," which tells a story of The Durant Plan, will be sent free to anyone upon request.

*If you wish to enter this competition
write for suggestions and booklet
"Bill and His Extra Job."*

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

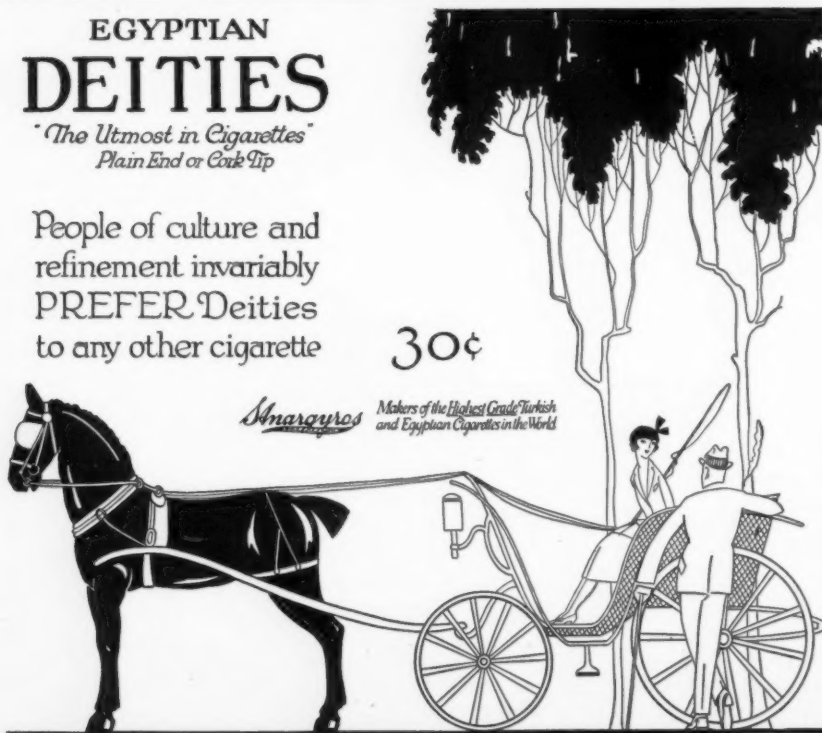
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Private Man

Edith Wharton, the writer, told this war story: "The American wounded were being brought in from the second Marne battle," she said, "and a fussy American woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over a stretcher and said, 'Is this case an officer or only a man?' The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: 'Well, lady, he ain't no officer, but he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs busted, he's got two bullets in both arms, and we dropped him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man.'"

—*Argus (Seattle).*

Just Enough

"Was there much of a gathering to see the ship start?" asked Colonel Edwards, whose servant had been down to the wharf. "Yassuh. Dey was a monst'ous lot o' folks."

"And was the crowd tumultuous or quiet?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose doubtfully, "dey wasn't zackly *too* multuous, I shouldn't say. Nossuh, dey was just about multuous enough fo' de occasion."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A New Wrinkle

THE LADY (to portrait painter): Is that my picture you've painted? That horrible old hag?

THE PAINTER: Madam, I am a futuristic painter. I have painted you as you will appear to your grandchildren.

—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Unexplained

Over in England the henpecked husbands in two counties get together every year and hold a convention. The mystery is how they get away from home to go to the meeting, but that seems to be one of the society's secrets.—*Kansas City Star.*

"Dogs"

"Do you clean dogs?" asked the fashionably dressed woman with a poodle in her arms.

"No, ma'am," said the ex-service man, "but there is a shoe-shining parlor right next door."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Reliable Witness

JUDGE: You say the prisoner struck you. Have you any witnesses to prove it?

CASEY (pointing to his discolored optic): I have an eye-witness here, yer honor.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Carrying No Bottles

"That man is eying me."

"Well, your conscience is clear. Drop your suitcase on the marble floor."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GUATEMALA has replaced its rubber currency with porcelain coins. The Guatemalans will now have an open door for china.

—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

“Beauty Is Only Skin Deep”



A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

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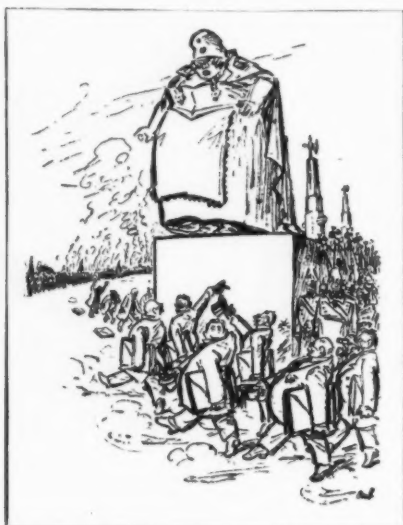
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"HAIL, GERMANIA! WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO LIE, SALUTE YOU."
—Le Rire (Paris).

Life's Uncertain Voyage

The thing that makes life possible is that you not only cannot tell what is going to happen next, but that you cannot tell what you are going to think about it when it does happen.—Baltimore American.

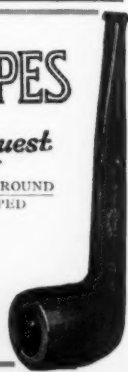
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Books Received

Figures of Earth, by James Branch Cabell (Robert McBride & Co.).

A "Comedy of appearances" more or less dedicated to Sinclair Lewis, Louis Untermeyer and H. L. Mencken.

The Dixons, by Florence Finch Kelly (E. P. Dutton & Co.).

A "recent" historical novel. As a story, a cross between Harold Bell Wright and the World Almanac.

The New Psychology, by A. G. Tansley (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

A mighty well-written book containing all the latest news about psychology and psycho-analysis—if you like that sort of thing. (We are ashamed to say we do.)

Must We Fight Japan, by Walter B. Pitkin (The Century Co.).

Like the old hen with only one egg, Mr. Pitkin has thoroughly covered his subject. But after all, we wonder.

Later Essays, by Austin Dobson (Oxford University Press).

If you like essays by a distinguished British writer, these are delightful.

Things That Have Interested Me, by Arnold Bennett (George H. Doran Co.).

Very interesting—to Mr. Bennett.

Punch, by Conrad Aiken (Alfred A. Knopf).

A poem about *Punch* (showing up that immortal) eighty pages long. Well done.

The New Stone Age in Northern Europe, by John M. Tyler, of Amherst (Charles Scribner's Sons).

Neolithic man presented in a popular way with real scientific insight. Fine bibliography.

Notes on Life and Letters, by Joseph Conrad (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

All Conrad fans will add this book to the others, skim it over and wait for his next novel.

This World of Ours, by J. H. Curle (George H. Doran Co.).

Another rapid travel book, about 78 per cent. good.

Zizi's Career, by Evelyn Van Buren (Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

Zizi had to make her way in the world. An "exciting" story built according to well-known specifications.

The Seventh Angel, by Alexander Black (Harpers).

As to whether this is as good as "The Great desire," we dunno. But it is pretty good.

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, Translated by Gilbert Murray (Oxford University Press).

The best translation we have seen.

The Slaughter of the Jews in the Ukraine, by Elias Heifetz, J. U. D. (Thomas Seltzer, N. Y.).

A pogrom full of horrors. If Henry Ford should ever read anything, this book might interest him.

Psycho-Analysis and Behavior, by André Tridon (Alfred A. Knopf).

Read this short and simple analysis of dreams, and learn how to blush in your sleep. Brrrr—!

China, Japan and Korea, by J. O. P. Bland (Charles Scribner's Sons).

A topographical close-up of above-mentioned countries. Good.

Quality First

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The Peace Negotiations, a personal narrative by Robert Lansing (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

We read 45 pages about the way Woodrow treated Robert and exclaimed, "Take it away. It's breaking our heart!"

Modern Democracies, by Viscount Bryce (The Macmillan Co.).

The publishers thought *LIFE* wouldn't review this book, so they didn't send it.

Life

Life, if you ask me news of it,
Is good and ill and nothing long;
A stab of pain, a flash of wit;
A sigh—a song.

A bluebird; fluttering apple-bloom;
A snake that strikes; a wasp that stings;
A spreading flame—a fireless room—
So many things!

So many things, and nothing long;
So many weary things—and fair!
A baby's laugh—an old man's song—
A woman's hair . . .

Lee Wilson Dodd, in N. Y. Tribune.

Happens That Way Sometimes

"The man who sat on his woodpile and told a funny story, expecting the wood to split," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "evidently did not strike a responsive cord."—Yonkers Statesman.

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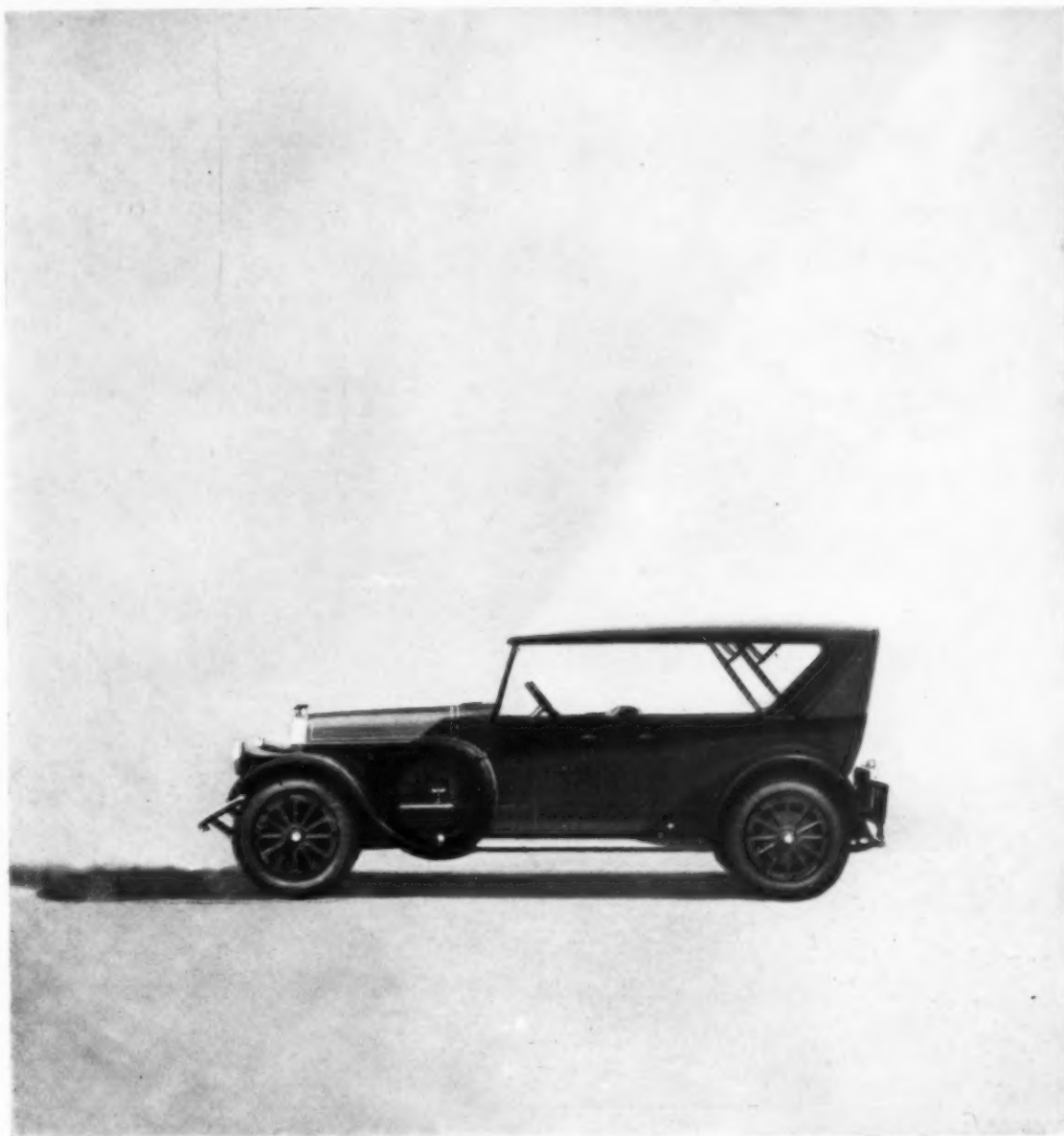
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